

The walmart edition of Tommyinnit's unbeatable method to avoiding sudden death

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The walmart edition of Tommyinnit's unbeatable method to avoiding sudden death

by [eneli](#)

Summary

this is just wips of the main fic that i don't like enough or didn't find space to put in

Notes

yup

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Tommy wakes up feeling a fire raging in his body. His limbs ache something fierce, fatigued and useless. His head *throbs*.

Fucking hell.

“ *Cl- Clemen- Clem?* ” He slurs out, blinking his eyes slowly open. He raises shaky fingers to scour the area, grasping at emptiness.

His chest beats out of tune.

Where the fuck?

“ *Clem?* ” He calls out, barely concealed panic.

“Hello to you too,” A voice drawls.

Tommy screams, voice cracking. He sits up abruptly, head spinning.

Technoblade. The *Blade* stares back at him.

Okay, what the fuck. When did he-

“Wilbur brought you here,” Technoblade answers, cutting off the boy’s thoughts.

Tommy squints, vision hazy. “Wil - Wil- *bur?* ” He stumbles. “Who the fuck-“

“Willow,” The long haired hero cuts him off once again, squeezing out something between his hands.

“Are- are,” Tommy frowns in concentration, “Am I? Is - Is this?” He stutters, “Napping?”

Technoblade looks at him, seemingly puzzled for a moment before an amused glint appears in his eyes, “Nappin?” He muses.

Tommy nods, albeit delayed, “Napping.”

Technoblade snorts, “Yes, Tommy, this is a nappin’.”

Tommy gasps, clutching the covers beneath him, “That’s - that’s illeg- illegible.”

Technoblade lets out a small wheeze, “Nappin’ is illegible?”

Tommy nods furiously, ignoring the dull pain that thuds. “I’ll get *Clem* on you. She - she’s my - my daughter.”

Technoblade nods, “Of course.”

It makes Tommy frown, because the hero doesn’t seem very intimidated.

“She *will*. She’ll - she’ll fucking uh, smite you, with *guns*, ” Tommy promises.

Technoblade hums in agreement, as he walks closer to the bed, “Alright kid, now how about you lay back down,” The man instructs, pushing the teenager’s chest gently.

Tommy flops back onto the pillows. He looks up at red eyes and furrows his brows, “I don’t wanna lay down. I want *Clem*. ”

“I’ll get her for you, just lay down,” The hero soothes, briefly brushing a hand over the boy’s forehead.

Tommy watches in a daze as the man deposits the sprite bottle into his waiting arms. Tommy grips the plastic as tightly as he can, joints aching.

He watches as the blade hero places something cool on his forehead, smothering the flames that lick at his skin and in turn bringing sweet relief. Tommy lets out an unconscious sigh.

He watches the hero turn away from him and hastily swings out an arm to grab at the man’s sweatshirt.

Technoblade halts in his movements, turning to the boy with a raised eyebrow.

Tommy’s eyelids feel like lead, pulling him down to a reluctant slumber. Tommy fights to stay awake.

“Tech- Tec- “ He tries, the words slipping and sliding away. He frowns in frustration. He looks up at the hero, determination in his eyes. “Tech- Techie, *stay* .”

Technoblade looks down at him, eyes widened in surprise, mouth parted. Tommy watches in confusion as a flush spreads across the man’s cheekbones.

“Techie stay,” He repeats, trying to make the hero understand.

Technoblade stares down at him some more before nodding slightly. Tommy feels warmth bubble in his chest as the man stiffly sits at the edge of the bed, looking a bit constipated.

Tommy frowns, “You need a shit?”

The next time Tommy wakes up, he feels like death warmed over.

This is not an overstatement. He is dying. It’s official.

“ *Clementine* what the fuck?” He hisses outraged.

Clementine stares up at him.

“You - you just let me be taken and - and kidnapped. We are in *enemy’s territory*,” He grits out, warily eyeing the passed out Technoblade at the edge of the bed.

Clementine blows a bubble.

“No shut the fuck up. I’m sick and tired of this disrespect,” He sighs, disappointment evident.

“Now I’ve - I’ve got to sneak out,” He decides, clumsily clambering out of the bed.

Clementine does a twirl.

“ *No*. I’m not staying here, do you wish death upon me? Are you trying to get to my will early? I already told you I left nothing in your name,” Tommy narrows his eyes at the fish.

He tiptoes his way out of the bedroom.

This situation is *not* poggers.

Tommy darts his eyes both ways before running to the end of the corridor.

End Notes

lmao yup you can clearly see where i just gave up

fun fact: chap 8 is actually named chap 8.5 because this was the first version

also i'm not even american so i don't know why i titled this walmart edition but there's no going back now

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